If turker failed an' beef was tough, With toll and neit increasing.
We sighed not, but we are enough,
And it is deal by ause the times were

Beroad the clouds the future stood With gifts of jor or sorrow.
With sold God to make them good A stanted still, in thankful most, Iten dawning of the marrie.

"There might be worse, it e father said, H poderkenel more, said mother; construct memories were not deal The open if an ess had not fled, to deaved us to each other.

And a that of I Thanksgivin . Day. Wasta I pais and darkn's racing He fewer me its gentle sway, the some in joy loot say;

Oh: not in m pleasure's lifte reign, No sux movement condition, Use as a raper that sweeten pain. And thath that ripens you salke grain. tree hat ye .. fl id elysing.

Thankselving, to the humble born ton and care are neight ora Bring down sometow, from kingdo r come, Approximatily blens serrow's sum Apprilesses undestinions.

Dept - poday of little things, N js in lowl station;
For the are many be more than kings.
To limit who give the prayer its wings.
And in their coronation.

And in the happy years that lie Berend the intews river. The sours that rather sing than sigh May said to be sel and gladden d by Tonnkagaving days to ever RENJ S PARKER New Cartie Ind. N v. 19.

ON THANKSGIVING EVENING

A woman adds interest to any scene. The one moving rapidly up the bill in the twilight give life and delicity to the bleak Novemter and scape. The man in the light carringe some distance behind her thought so sursic. He knew her very well, dimly as she was outlined in the shadows, and took pion-uro in watching her.

For awhile the wheels of his carriage turned as slowly as the mills of the gols, and male as little noise. Forgetius of all esse, he was dreaming of the woman moving so silently before him. His borses, taking advantage of his absent mandedness, crawled

The w man waited with an easy, graceful step, apparently uncon-clous of being of any man s dreams. She was tall and cond in dark garments. She stood a memorit at the top of the bill, making a status clear cut against the sky. The man in the carriage suddenly whipped

up and evertoo, he;
"Good eventag, Miss Garnett," he said, with the couldence of one sure of a pleasant reception, as he checked the bays and sprang out, "permit me to drive you

This man, though he seemed never to communit, was apt to be obeyed. But the woman was not used to obsdience While she left the charmor his manner, she understand the torrethat his gentleness concealed

and resented it. You are very kind, Dr. Ssigewick, but I am out so e y for the pleasure of walking. Way, then, should I rider

fixung I should be delighted to have you," he answered, with sincere gallantry, Seedle, the evening is delightful, and we nic going in the same direction."

"All good reasons certainly," she repl ed, in a cord al voice. Yet she made no movement of acceptance. On the contrary, witness definite y refusing the invitation she timbe the doctor teel that she did not intend to accept.

She leaned carelessly against a tree that stood close by the roadside, and her long black wrap slipped from her shoulders to her wast, where she held it with glovei se hands that looked white and ghostlike in its black folds, it was the unconscious chression of an effort to throw off thought that was stiffing her mental breath. She was "a picture good to see," as she stool there in the dim light of the evening sky, strong and bandsome as a daughter of the gods. Hers was mature, not callow

"An absolutely perfect evening," she sait, baif dreamily, looking tazily down the hill into the sient mealow laids, apparently forgetful of the request of the man who stood waiting her decision, with the lines of his restiess horses in one hand.

beauty. Its charm was strength, not weak-

It would be absolutely perfect for me, Miss Garaett - Al.co-if you would say but one word. He was tenning toward her in an attitude of earnest appeal. His voice was full of feeling; his eyes looking earnestly into bers, and-he was very hand-"I am sure you know that I love you, but for years you have made me feel that it would be useless to speak. But tonight I feel impelled to speak, and to hope. I have been to lowing you with my eyes as you walked up the hill as I have followed ou with my beart so long. Hove you. I want you with me always. W.II marry me, Alice? and he clasped her hand with a pressure as intense as his

It was a strange time for a woodner but L ve, like L fr, deals in the unprecedented. Hour and pace are of no consequence when is message is to be delivered. The two tail figures stood alone in the gathering darkness; the horses champed uneasily in the reset. The wind rustled the lew re m daing leaves, brown and c isn overhead. The first star was glommering feetly in the sky, and the night was talling like a cloud around them.

The weman turned toward him and bent her hand. Were his words sweet to herf Did his truck please! She laid her disengaged hand on his arm with trank affecton, and said slowly: "I am very fond of you, Dr. Sedgewick, but I have never thought of marrying you. Let us be good friend, as we always have been, and talk about other things."

"Bu I can't talk of anything else just now, Alice. I am too deeply in earnest, I have wasted till my hair is gray to say this, not because I was a coward, but because I believed that my love for you would win I we in return if I was patient. She made no answer.

of he went on. "If you have never thereast of it, think of it now." "I can't doctor," she said, entrestingly.

"I think I will let you take me home." West-ping the robes carefully around her her drive briskly off. Of the subject appermost in his mind he spoke no more ns ext, as people who feel deeply and wish to appear perfectly self-possessed are sure to do, both began to talk of matters in

which they had no heart at all, They were not the only travelers on that onely road. Behind them, hidden by the shadows walked a man of the pattern one

ike not to meet on lonely roads. When the doctor put Miss Garnett down at her own gate he remarked that he was an invalid under bis care

She stool leaning on the gate looking after him as he irove away. It might have comforted him to know that, as he disappeared entirely from her sight, sue sighed, the rumble of his carriage who is grew fainter and fainter and at last died away, leaving the st liness of night unbroken. "Fate gorth, too," she mid. Sie was

mistaken. Fate was coming, not going. She was thinking it all over, a little wearily. Way had she re-used Dr Sedgewick's offer of marriaget. The reason was to unreasonable that she was ashamed to admit it even to herse f. In fact, it was not a reason; it was an illusion, a dreamone of those nameless influences which slip into the best of min Is sometimes and work no end of misc. ist. Dream, fancy, whatever it was it had held sway over ten years of her life. It might be simply described as a man in the imagination, a territory in which he is particularly distinguished for making trouble.

This man had a firsh and blood existence. also. A ice Garnett had been fascinated by him ten years before, when they both lived in the good old New England town of arkson. Handsom; and poliched, with the prestige of wealth and position, the dash of a daring spirit, and the charm of a god, he had taken her heart captive. She had promised to marry him, but a foolish misunderstanding had broken the engage ment. They had parted in anger and sha

bad never seen him sin w. He fond of adventure, interested in affairs, went away, abroad, to the far west, to Australia, everywhere it seemed. For some time she heard of him as here and there-now gettin; very rich, now meeting with losses, and again planning big enterprises. A year after she last saw him her father, in the hope of benefiting her mother's failing health, had taken this farm in the great northwest, and here she had lived ever since. As time passed and the links of triendship that bound her to the old place were broken, by death or change, she heard no more of Frank Bascombs. But she had not forgotten him. He was the one memory that never grew dim as the years spe away. A thousan'i time, had she reproached berself for her share in the quarrel. A thousand times had she forg ven him his And she still bop d and prayed for his return. Indeed: this hope ruled her life. By ncessant fostering it had grown into a faith In her heart Alice Garnett was sure he would come back-come back with the cheery grace and the irresistible fascination of the old days to laugh over the foolish words that parted them. The years of separation would be to them then as though they had not been at all, and the future coutless. Again and again she had pictared his coming and rejoicel in it. Any day, any hour, this wonderful toy might come to har. Who is without experience in believing what he wishes to believe! Who has not known the power of hope to work

miracles in the mind! And yet sometimes this woman doubted bitt riv. Sometimes she realized how shad we, how well nigh hopeles, was this dream which ten years of absence and silence had not broken. Never had she felt nearer despair than to-night, as she leaned on the gate and heard the sound of Dr. Sidgewick's carriage wheels die away. "He would never come, he had forgotten her; he was no longer living perhaps; it was vain to hope." And yet only a few minutes before, when Dr. Sedgewick had spoken to her of love and marriage, Frank Ba-combe's image had danced within her mind, compelling her to say "No." And so it had ever been. All mea who paid homage to her suffered in comparison with this dashing lover of her youth, whose memory was more potent than the personal presence

Nobody dreamed of this weakness in Miss Garnett. She was considered exceptionally healthful in mind, thoroughly in harmony with life. What wouldn't they have said had they known of this wild love dream, cherished so long, with so little chance of fulfillment. What wouldn't they say of any of us could they peer into the secret closely. corners of our minds and read there our fond longings and vain imaginings!

minds were photographed? Pamie often wondered—as people always will wonder about what doesn't concern strong mindedness." them-why Alice Garnett didn't marry. She was greatly admired. She was hand some, but she had a charm that transcended beauty-the charm of a broad, bright min! notice. alive to the thousand interests which affect the welfare of our day and rack. She was thirty-two years old, and was more attractive than she had ever been, though the premature young lady of sixteen will think that an impossibility. She had not dreamed away the ten years of Franc Bascombe's absence. See had spent them in wholesome work and profitable study, and dreamed

only when she rested But now she was calling herself to Her faith in Frank Bascombe's return was despendingly low; and late her. How marvelous the change within her discouragement some bitterness was tricka certain regret, too. He was so admirable, a man to be proud of-yes, and foud of, if-if she had only never level Frank the real. And she was gial, not sorry. Bacombe, or if she could only forget Frank Base mbs. How foolish to think Frank Bascombe will ever come again.

"Why should be comef" said Doubt.

Truth, 'save that you want him to come.' "And that will not bring him," said Common Se ise.

ong ago," said Doubt.

him, whisperal Hope, angel of good inten and looked at her in grateful wonder. tions and few fulfillments. "You ought to forget him," said Common

Sense, saverely. "And marry the doctor," said a voice that belonged to she knew not whom.

While this council of the faculties was in session in Miss Garnett's mind she turned her face toward the house, as though it, too, had a right to speak on this subject. The windows were ablaze with light. Her married sisters and their families were there lebrating Thanksgiving. The dinner over, she had slipped away alone for a long walk. Holitays always mads her secretly sad. They reminded her that her dream was long of fulfillment. True, she had interests, pleaty of them; but this, the greatest, was lacking, and she was human enough to feel a little bitter over it. And this was Thanksgiving. How thankful she would be ifablit was a vain dream. Why should she

cherish it! She thought of the future a little sadly Her mother was dead, her sisters married and gone, and her father fating day by

She would soon be quite alone. She thought of Dr. Sedgewick again. Yes, she was sure she cou'd love him if she could only forget Frank Bascombe.

A strange voice, close to ber ear, 'I'm very hungry. She turned suddenly and found herself face to face with a scowling tramp, the same man who had trudged un seen far behind the

carriage when she was riding home with going two miles further, but would stop said cordially, opening the gate. She was stars and a bounding heart,

rupted: gial that she could do something toward makin; the poor wretch comfortable. They ent-red the dining room by a side door. Limps were burning there, and as her one mail-of-all-work had gone to the village to spend her Thanksgiving evening, she set about preparing his month without summoning any one. She treated him as a guest, not a pauper. She gave him an easy chair by the fire, and took a feverish interest in leading the table with the choic st Thanksgiving dainties.

The man was very disreputable looking: he was untidy, and he resked with vile liquor. No matter. He was needy; that was enough. After he began to eat, Miss-Carnett ventured to look at him again. His face was bloated and unshaven, but it wasn't the face of a common tramp. She wondered, pity ngly, what could have rejangle i slowly through her mind:

"Ah! blame me not that I Have been a shipwreeted man: Y: u do not know how high The tide and current ran.

Sublenly she turned pale and stared the tramp's shaggy countenance with frightened eyes. That sear on his left eyebrowf Why, why, it was exactly like on that marked Frank Bescomby's face received when a child at play! She looked closely, earnestly, anxiously, while her heart almost stopped beating. Yes, it was true! Not the scar alone, but the features, coarsened and distorted by evil passion made the sickening truth plain to her. This that is not Christian, was Frank Bascomba. This dissipated. —A contrivance by her hand—this was the prince whose com | vention. ing she had so often picture! in royal colors! This, this was the man whose memory duced fifty had made all other men seem poor and year - Buffalo Express. mean! See smile! grimly at the fine front of the situation. She was like one waking Rene killed forty sheep out of a fleck from a troubled dream-waking to laugh of seven hundred. - Denver Tribune. seriousness a dream could assume. She had been dreaming for ten years, but she was awake now-oh! quite awake: been destroyed by rot. - Troy Times. There are times when we are "changed in the twinkling of an eve," even while we to the appearance of birds that were live. This was one of them.

man did not see her look of recognition. His eyes were on his plate. The business of eating engrossed him. He had death not recognized her, that was certain. A he go, up from the table his a cutenta glance fell on a new-paper that some on had left lying careles de on a chair. It was The Clarkson Register, the old hom man, woman and child. This year it weekly, familiar to both of them from is short, not more than a pickle apiece. over his face. He picked it up saving madam, and look over this paper?

Sno graciously assented, and moved across the room out of his sight. Had she Hartford Post. needed any further proof of his identity this would have been enough. I lived in Clarkson once," he continued,

She caught her breath, and her heart gave a great bount. After all, she had said to be rather under the mark. misjulged him, perhaps. He had come in the guise of a beggar toat he might see her raphy from a globe covered with jewbefore he revealed himself. He was always els. him. Her eyes gistened and her cheeks sapphires and other precious stones. flamed at the thought. And yet, wha curious things women's bearts are! The once dissipated is difficult to remetate.

Clarkson is a fine old New Englantown, she said, indifferently, in order to give him a chance to reveal h meef. "Rather thickly populated with fogies

and pigheads," he replied, with a sneer. "I knew some people there myself-a long time ago," she said, after a pause. He said nothing "The Melvilles, the Dwights, the-the

He was still silent. "Miss Alice Garnett was a particular friend of mms.' she said, watcome him

Gurnetts ' she added

The name did not move him "Oh, yes; I think I remember her," he could maintain a reputation for wisdom if said, intifferently. "A goodish kind of girl, rather fine looking, rather bright, exals result but companies

'You seem to have known her well, " sh sail, with a shade of special meaning on the last word which he seemed not t

", think she has never married " con-

tinued the lady. "An old maid with views, ch! And no end of a bore, I'll warrant."

She was silent. Some indescribable inne sense convinced her that he wasn't acting that he was in his true character, a soured embittered, brutalized man, homeless and

How strange it all was! How wonder ful had been the reverations of an hour! soulf The old love dream fell away from ling. She thought of Dr. Selgewick with a ber, like a useless garment. She looke. certain surprise that she had refused him; at its miserable corpse and won lered that it had ever had power to enchain her. The ideal had been dislodged forever by

He threw down the paper and rose to leave, wearily. She approached him and said timilly, as if asking a favor. "This is Thanksgiving, you know, and as I feel "Why should be comer" echoed Common very thankful this evening have the color flooded her face-I beg you to accept this "There is no reason, none at all," said from my for the sake of your sweetheart, if you ever had one," and she laid some bills

"Ever had a sweetheart! I've had dozen "If he loved you he would have come of them," he said, with coarse vanity. Glancing at the money in his hand he wa "Perhaps he thinks you have forgotten astomshed at the munificency of the gift,

Then, understanding at last that he in the presence of a noble woman, he said, with his old-time elegance of manner and a voice thick with feeling: "Any words that I might say would sound cheap in comparison with what I feel. Tale is a good send to me, of greater value than you can even imagine. If there are angels you are

"No," she answered, turning a little inte the shadow, "only an old maid, with views." There were tears in her voice, but he did

not know it. "Woul I you have given me this money if you had known I was an embezzier-polite name for thief, you know-running away from what they call justice, from certain imprisonment?

"Freely," she replied "If there is such a thing as happiness in this world, I hop you may find it," he said reverently.

"I thank you sincerely," she replied. wish you had as much to be thankful for a I have to night."

And he went out into his world of dark ness and evil, without recognizing her An1 she sat down and wept-wept for jo that ber life had been so wisely ordered wept in pity for the ruined man who had just left her; wept in gratitude for whashe had escaped. Who in all the world had so much to be thankful for!

The sound of carriage wheels roused her. The doctor and come. She flew to the door while he was coming up the walk, and stood

en his return and see her father, who was glad to have her profitless reverie inter- It is the unexpected that always happens Pa. - Pittsburgh Post

was awaiting him or the threshold of that open door. As he entered Mass Garnett laid both hands on his shoulders, and, looking iondly into his fact, said: "D. Selgewes, I want to say 'You' instead of 'Not to the question you as sol me under the tree this wening. I have loved you long, but I was never sure of it until half an hour ago."

"I m too than sful for the result to quetion the manner of your enlightenment," said the doctor, and they shut the door. Before they entered the par or to announce he had hard lines of desipation on his face; the glad tidin a to the family, the doctor

whispere i: "You were right; this is an absolutely perfect evening."

it was all clear to Miss Garnett now The unknown voice that had said, "Better macry the foctor,' when Common Sous-Doubt and Truth and counseled together duest him to beggary, and these lines ethic gale an hour before, was the voice of Love, the machievous eccentric, who and kept his real se f so long concerled, and let that disreputable imp, Infatuation, masquera le in his clothes. Since then Dr. Sedgewick has often asked

his wife why she changed her mind so suddealy on that Thanksgiving evening "Perhaps I may tell you some time," her invariable answer. So far she has not

GERTBUDE GARRISON. told form. NEW YORK, Nov. 19

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

-Turkey is the only State in Europe -A contrivance by means of which

swaggering beggar, receiving charity at the blind can play whist, is a new in--An apple tree at Java, N. Y., pro-

bushels of good fruit this -An engineer running a train near

-In fifteen counties of New York - Forest culture in Dakota has led

before seen there. - Chicago

never Heraid. -A mystery as to the cause of the of a San Francisco man was solved at the autorsy by the finding of a lemon seed lodged in his intestines. The pickle crop of this country last year was just four pickles to every man, woman and child. This year it

-Siberian cats are the newest agony "Will you permit me to remain a mement, in pets. A Siberian cat has a cold and searching voice, and is a valuable addit on to the back-yard orchestra.

> - Toronto papers say the growth of that city is something wonderful. The census of 1880 gave it a population of 86.415. Now the Assessor's returns show 111,800 inhabitants, and this is The Shah of Persia studies geog-

before he revealed himself. He was always els. The seas are made of the finest doing unheard of things, and he was a emeralds, and the different countries capital actor. This was like him, very like are represented by diamonds, rubles, -In a pack of cards with which two

Chinamen had been playing poker at next minute she wasn't quite sure that she Stockton recently, were found live acres. waated it to be that way. An illusten eight kings, six sixes and so on, showing that the Mongolians understand the intricae es of the game. - San Francisco

> Anti-vaccination sts rest one of their chief arguments on the fact that ealves have tubercular consumptiona communicable disease. Late re-searches by Strauss show that the proportion of tuberculosis in calves does not reach one in one hundred thousand, -N. Y. Herald. -A Spanish doctor, named Forino,

> has calculated that, supposing three hundred e-gars are rolled in a day, the movement of the fingers is repeated two hundred and seventy four thousand, five hundred times in a year of two hundred working days. This often causes professional cramp, so-ealled cigar-roller's cramp.

> They make good coffee in Guatemala. A traveler says he never drank as good elsewhere. It was simply the essence of the herry-a dark brown thin liquor, kept in a close-stoppered decanter. To a spoonful or two of the sequer is added hot water from an earthen jug. The decoction is then indeed worthy of the gods. -It was Lum Smith of Philadelphia,

> whom Colonel Fred D. Grant recently stated had offered \$5,000 for the hedstead upon which General Grant died. Mr. Smith's mother's maiden name was Lum, and itwas at Mrs. Ann Lum's magnificent residence that General Grant made his headquarters after the siege of Vicksburg. - Philadelphia Press.

> -Lady (in art store)-"Have you any painting that you can guarantee to be a real old master's?" Proprietor—"We have a few, madam, that are well authenticated. What particular study or subject would you prefer?" Lady, (a little undecidedly)— "We'l-er a bit of Adirondack scenery, I think, or if you haven't that, Nagara Falls in mid-winter would do." - Bujtalo Courier.

-A foreible illustration of the weight of the atmosphere was recently given by a lecturer in London who said that the air, which scarcely appears to be matter at all, is so enormous in mass that it really presses with nearly a ton to each square foot, so that the weight of all the buildings in the world's metropolis, for instance, is less than that of the air above them.

-Drunken men often meet with misps, such as falls, blows or shocks that would kill a sober man. The reason of this immunity is that the nerve centers are so much paralyzed in the drunken man as not to be affected by the shock of the fall, which, in a sober man, would have acted upon them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest the circulation and cause instant death -Boston Budget.

-An example of the extraordinary high prices paid for articles of food during the Revolution is recorded on a leaf bearing the date November 27, 1778, from the manifest of the English ship William & Anne, which was captured by one of Paul Jones' cruisers in United States money the prices read as follows: Flour, \$150 a barrel; pork, \$13 a gallon; butter \$1.25 a pound.

-Howard Paul, who has been traveling in Wales, thinks that the Welsh waiter is an oddity. To one of these waiters he propounded the question: "Do you have a table d'hote here?" The waiter's answer was, "Well, no." half apologetic, "at least not unless you order it?"—which reminds Mr Howard Paul that once when the surphase the color of the property o Howard Paul that once when he was are reserved for the Lineeror's from sitting down to dinner at a country nry, who has inher ted from uncer-is hotel, he said to the waiter, "Could I so many as would amount to a lar have a servicite?" "Yes, sir, certainly," was the prompt reply; "would must broiled or fried?" "Would merged by the anger of the gods, some

-There has been a death every year "Then come into the house and eat," she there eager to welcome him, with eyes like for five years from consumption in the idols red, no one escaped save the running for mosh den a year id cordially, opening the gate. She was stars and a bounding heart.

Then come into the house and eat," she there eager to welcome him, with eyes like for five years from consumption in the idols red, no one escaped save the running for mosh den a year id cordially, opening the gate. She was

The doctor never dreamed that happeness GLASS IN CHINA AND JAPAN. Allusion to Its Manufacture Many Centur-

les Before the Christian Era-The Treas. a few years ago by an account of the The extreme antiquity of civilization exhibition of many antique articles at Nara, the ancient capital of the Mikain China is proved (if proof be wanted) dos of Japan, near Kioto, the present capital. Mr. Campbell describes this King were undoubtedly written more Mikado had put aside some important than two thousand years B. C., when treasure and dated it, before the rethe Chinese were already acquainted moval of the Government at the end of with writing. In these books are al. the eighth century to Kioto, where it lusions to glass, which yield unmistakable evidence of its antiquity. Thus we find it stated that the Emperor Shun, on receiving the crown from of barn where they have been pre-Yaou, who abdicated 2145 B. C.; vex. served. As no certain knowledge of amined the gem adorned turning glass-making in Japan exists, it has been suggested that this ewer was imcohere and the gem transverse tube. that he might regulate the seven directors, or regularly governed bodies." The writer of this must have had some among the treasures. It is possible constructed instrument connected with that before long some Japanese writer astronomy in his mind's eve. The "Shoo King" is full of evidence of a native country. A recent traveler devery high state of evaluation in China: scribes a very cur-ons vitreous sponge thus in one book we are told the wild with threads which seem as if comtribes brought tribute of ovster pearls posed of spun glass, found on the eastand strings of pearls not quite round, to Yu, 2004 B. C. If the Chinese understood glass making they would soon begin to copy these pearls; and we find under Ou ti, about 140 B. C., a manufactory where false pearls were made factory where false pearls were made the editors of results of teach, a species of glass made from moke twenty cigars dady. That's Night Express and the control of teach, a species of glass made from makes him so funny — N. Y. Chui and st Louis Lim. Southern Express. 13:50 m. gnorance of ancient Chinese literature Times. makes it difficult to collect true information on many points. We know they understood the art of glazing pottery at a very early date, and on this active many points. We know they was twenty five thousand dollars a year, but he left no personal estate. count were possibly more careless Chwago News.

- Rev. Moses A. Hopkins, recently vented, it is supposed, about 185 B. C., the writing on the bottles found in be a hotel porter in Pittsburgh, and tombs was used in the century before our era. The marter god of porcelain the furnace one day, when from want of fuel the falling tire would have spoiled the contents of the kiln-an sponen the contents of the kiln an unexampled instance of devotion to his art. The colabrated instance are devotion to his art. The colabrated instance of devotion to his art. The celebrated patra or alms bowl of Buddha is alluded to by a Chinese writer of 1350, quoted by Mr. Nes-bitt: "In front of the image of Buddha is a sacred bowl, which is made neither of copper nor iron; it is of a neither of copper nor iron; it is of a purple color and glosse, and when struck it sounds like glass." This bowl ford, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, may have been brought from the west speaking of the length of her residence to Ceylon, but it proves an acquaintance with glass on the part of the Chi- when I came; I do not live by years.' nese writer. A Portuguese traveler in This being repeated to Mark Twain, China, G. da Cruz, wring to Sebastian, "I wish," he observed, "the tax col-King of Portugal, about 1560, says at a lector would adopt that principle. banquet given by a very rich merchant. —Caivin E. Stowe was a fine scholar, the house was built with a loft and the first in his class in college, of great very faire, with many faire windows wit, a most attractive speaker and casements, and all of it was a mir-once very prom nent before the world, tor; what the mirrors were made of but the fame of his second wife – he does not explain, nor if the case-ments were filled with glass, but this came so great that he seemed to fade is one of the earliest notices concerning all out, and was finally only known as life in China, as the Arab. El Edrisi. "Mrs. Stowe's husband." — Every Other 1154, does not seem to have been him- Saturday. self in China. He says: "Djan kon is a -Robert Bonner is past sixty and celebrated city, the Chinese glass is made there." Djan kon has not been man is better satisfie! with his paper satisfactorily identified with any exist his fortune, his Presbyterian sm. ing city, but the passage shows that forses and himself. And he ought to hinese glass was supposed to exist be having begun as a type-setter, with-M. Labarte thinks it probable that fine out friends or influence, and having porcelain, and not glass, is really achieved his present position by unmeant by El Edrisi, but an Arab of the flagging energy and perseverance.—N. twelfth century is unlikely to have Y. Journal. confusion made any confusion between the two substances, with which of a story which was offered to pubthe must have been perfectly familiar. Isher after publisher only to be re-mr. Nesbitt, who has collected together turned to its author, is that of Robinson many allusions to glass in the writings Cruso. It was at last 'printed for W. of the early Jesuit missionaries, says the words "po li" were in use for a Row, Miscaxix." It proved a gold glass at a very early time. Nearly all mine for the plucky publisher. He French writers on glass allude to the made a profit of one hundred thousand tale of a piece of crystal being taken pounds of thing for the real material of which Tribune. heaven is made. The original narrator of this account is Father Ricci, who left Europe to SI A. D. and spent some years in China, he states that he gave a prism of glass to a native convert, one Chuitaso, who put it into a silver during 1885 than - a corresponding to the publishment of glass and maderned it. case with gold chains, and "adorned it time in 1884. This increase is largely further with a writing that it was a due to the great number of articles due to the great number of articles heavens consist. One was said to offer him five hundred pieces of gold soon after for it, which till Father Matthew had presented his to the King he would not sell: after that he set a higher price and sold it." We may suppose from this that colorless brilliant glass was unknown to the Chi-The Russian ambassador E. nese. Ides, who went to China in 1693 he was taken by command of the Em-

peror to see various sights, among them some "jugglers, who, after man other diverting tricks, played with round balls of glass as large as a man's head at the point of a sharp stick, tossing them several ways without breaking them or letting them fall, so it was realling surprising." taken to the markets and to various shops, especially to a toyshop; the owner had a fine garden, and among other things showed him "a large ger long, whose scales appeared worthy of mention just now.—Toledo as if made of gold, but when Bade. the scales fell off they were a beautiful crimson." Japan has so long been a this letter from George," remarked Mr. sealed book to us that it is nearly impossible to find any information as to glass made there. Captain John Saris, who sailed 1605 (Purchas' Pilgrim mes.") advises that merchants should take to Japan "drinking-glasses of all sorts, cans and cups, beer glasses, gilt beakers, and looking-glasses of the largest sorts." This would lead us to infer that those articles were not made in the country. Kaempfer, who published his history of Japan in 1727, does not mention glass beyond that re quired for glazing the porcelain, which he describes as most prized when nearly transparent. The labor required to achieve this transparance was so great to give birth to the old saying "that human bones are kneaded into China ware." He gives a singular account of some very curious ancient tea bot-tles called "maatsubo" (best of vesselse) they are shaped like small barrels with a short neck, are transparent. very thin, and of a white color tinged with green. The Japanese believe tney give a higher flavor to tea kept in them, and assert that old tea recovers y'kne its virtue if put into a maatsubo bottle They are found by divers sticking to the rocks of the submerged island of \$100 a barrel; peas, \$12 a bushel; rum, Marr, near Formesa. The bottles must

> is he have the variety as plant of purchase the whole buttles ound; the merged by the anger of the gods, some scoffers having painted the faces of the

people row about in boats and call on "Persun." Much interest was excited has remained ever since. Among these treasures is a glass ewer about a foot high, which is entered in the original list of the articles deposited in the sort ported either from China or by Arabs before the eighth century, and being considered a curiosity was deposited may be enabled to throw some light on the whole subject of glass in with threads which seem as if com-

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Colonel J. Armov Knox. one of he editors of Texas Siftings, is said to

appointed Minister to Liberia, used to prepared himself for college while in that employment - Pittsburgh Post.

-Oscar Wilde has written a poem about his baby, beginning with these lines:

-Mr. Spurgeon has at length compieted "The Treasury of David,"

"I don't remember in that city, said

pounds out of the venture. - A. Y. - Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Con-

gress, recently told a correspondent that literary activity in the United States is copyrighted by newspapers and magazines. Of his "American Almanae." Mr. Spofford said: "It has not a very large circulation. The library edition reached last year about eighteen hundred, and seven thousand of the paper edition were sold, the last, however, at so cheap a price that they barely paid the cost of publication." - N. Y. Fost.

HUMOROUS.

-A "duck of a girl" must be very closely watched, or ten to one she'll go off and marry some quack. - Chicago

Rufus Hatch says that the farmer In fall, so it was is boss of the situation. So he is, but He was also still the boys will get away with the apples occasionally. - Philadelphia Call.

The great advantage of being rich that a man can wear old clothes without exciting remark. There are full of tish about a fin- other trifling advantages, but not -"I can't make head nor tail out of

> prised," returned that estimable lady, George stutters so badly, you know. - Chicago Hamber. Passenger-Oh, Captain, is there

any cure for seasizkness? Captainvest sure care. Passenger (as steamer pitches and rolls)-Give me some quickly. Captain—Only cure I know of is to lie on your back on green grass and look at the stars. - Palladelphia Call. -A dry-goods advertisement savs:

"Everybod. knows that Faille Francaise is crowding hard upon gros-grain s lk." We beg leave to differ with the statement. There are no doubt a dozen persons right here in this town who are not aware that such a momentous occurrence was eventuating. - Norris--Wife (at a late hour) - Well,

where in the world have you been? Husband-To tell you the (hie) truth, m' dear, some of the (hie) boys at the odis gone way on (hie) vacations, w, an-an shorthanded, houes truth, m' dear, s' help me. Wife-You seem to have filled the vacancy pretty full

- Materfamilias (to Tommy, who is helping himself liberally to currant jam at the supper table)-Tommy, after the solemn warning I should think you would not eat so much pre-serves. Tommy - What solemn warn-Matertamilias - The ing. mamma? death of Jumbo: he died of too much jam, you know. - Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph. -A Useful T mepiece: Si Jackson.

from the Del Valle settlement, came to Austin not long since, and his first call was on a watchmaker. 'Dis heah watch has gotten sumfin' de matter wid hit.'' The watchmaker examined wid hit." it carefully, and asked how long since it had been running. "Hit hain t been running for meah den a yeah." "Why Prince Peiruun and his family, who didn't you bring it sooner?" "Bekase reached China, where the day of their I couldn't get along widout it."

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